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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JANUARY 11,

1862.

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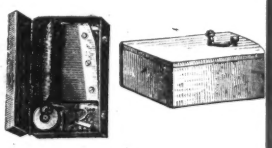

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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McArone.

CHAPTER V.

At the close of the last chapter, Peter was about to receive his discharge from a large and vindictive cannon. The gunner, as we there stated, applied the match to the priming, but we neglected to mention the fact that he forgot to light it first . . . a fact that must have made a very great difference in Peter's condition.

"You haven't lit your match, you old bloke!" exclaimed one of the soldiers to the gunner.

"Sure 'nough," replied that worthy. "Bill, go fetch some fire."

Fortunately for Peter, Bill was absent some time, and before he returned, Polk reeled along that way.

"Wass a-doin'?" he enquired, rather indistinctly.

"Goin' to blow up a Yankee spy, General," said the gunner.

"Damspy! Giv'm' thunder!"

"General!" squeaked Peter, "it's me! Don't go back on a feller!"

"O! Pe-ee-eeter! Zat you? whadev'l doin' there?"

Peter hastened to explain, and the General immediately had him set at liberty, The boys were thus chiseled out of their fun . . . or would have been, if they hadn't caught a blind nigger who happened to be passing, and who answered very well for shooting purposes.

"Like to 'ncourage boys 'n bein' frisky," remarked the Reverend General; "makes 'em-makem-makem-plucky!"

While all this was transpiring in the stronghold of the Rebels. Don Rantanquero de Boom-jing-jing was busy at Richmond, in his camp there, laying plans for the further prosecution of the campaign. He was greatly troubled by the swarm of negroes that flocked to his quarters, mostly suffering for freedom and rum. Accordingly, he sent to the President for instructions as to how he should deal with them.

He received the following reply:

General-Colonel-Major-Captain-Lieutenant-Sergeant de Boom-jing-jing:—The subjoined extract from the Presidcnt's late Message provides for the difficulties of which you complain. Simeron.

Sec. War Dep.

[*Extract*].—"All persons in disloyal States, which is held to service, or otherwise, by others, will not be held, by such, to any service except where such others is not residents of loyal States. Therefore, all such persons, not hitherto otherwise held, shall be considered subject to the above decision, and dealt with according."

War Department
Washington, Dec.—th. { L. S.

The Don read this through carefully, and gave orders to his pickets to shoot all niggers who tried to enter the lines.

He had no further trouble with them.

As he was busy, most of the time, he had little opportunity to know what was going on in camp, and the soldiers, knowing he would be mad, concealed from him the escape of Peter for a long time.

Glorianna remained in Washington, the idolized belle of the *salons*. She had been much worried about Peter, and afraid of him; but now that she imagined him safely locked in the donjon-keep of her husband's guard-tent, she felt secure, and got quite fleshy.

One night, when the rain-laden tempest whirled and howled about the old baronial hall with fearful fierceness, and the keen lightning cut the ebon night in twain, with following thunders like the wreck of matter, the crash of worlds or Mr. N. B. Clarke's stage-gong, that he used to pound so savagely at Nixon's in the final tableaux, when the red fire was to be lighted . . . one night, we repeat, when it was very stormy, Glorianna, snuggled peacefully down in bed, dreamed of her gay and gallant lord, far off in vile Virginia, fighting the battles of his own his native land.

Suddenly a dark form appeared at the window, with an umbrella . . .

A streak of lightning revealed this form and awoke Glorianna.

"Who's there?" gasped she.

"'Tis I!" said Peter, springing into the chamber, followed by forty horsemen, all clad in complete armor.

"Avaunt!" shrieked the terrified girl, realizing the impropriety of the intrusion; "avaunt, base sleuth-hound and vassal! I hate thee! I loathe thee! I . . . ha! ha! ha!"

Her reason tottered upon its throne.

Mrs. de Boom-jing-jing," said Peter sternly, "calm yourself. Frown not upon me, and all will be well. I come to bear you to the sunny scenes of the seceshed South. Don't you want to go?"

The light of intelligence faded from her eyes. She laughed a wild incoherent grin.

"No, no, no;" sighed she, "a high-heeled rocking-chair went up the sun for me. 'How now?' says the left-handed meat-saw. The mat has worn ankle-jacks too long. Give bail!"

"This is bad," said Peter; "but it can't be helped, now. I s'pose she's crazy. Let's kerry her off before she makes a row. Lady," continued he, "but smile as thou wert wont to smile. What thongh I seem no carpet-knight, I do assure you that I like you much. Then come with me to Savannah, or Mobile. I'll make a lady of you!"

"No, no, no," sighed she; "the boiled ghost cured my lover, and down he sat, on iron pyrites and soap. Will nothing do? Nothing, save a little number four grind-stone, with ragged edges to beat off the almonds."

"She's putty derned crazy," remarked one of Peter's horsemen.

"She are," said Peter.

"Now let me tell you, Colonel," continued Glorianna, softly and pensively; "he died of scarlet measles, and the square-toed pip.

'She loved him well, ah welladay,
And he was fair to see;
So they were wed one morn in May,
With their chip chow, cherry chow; fol de riddle dee!'

When the patient was buried, they all asked him how he felt. 'Bully, thank you!' says the pigeon-hawk. What will you, merry gentlemen?"

"This is indeed melancholy," said Peter; "and ef the Don knowed it, he'd give me the awfullest whalin' you ever see!"

"Hadn't we better leave, on the quiet, you know?" asked one of the soldiery; "mebbe the husband might take the law of us."

"Slave! be still!" cried Peter, nerving himself up and taking a chaw of tobacco; "seize her, and bear her away! Follow me! To falter is to fail!"

So the once brilliant and well-educated Glorianna, now crazy as a coot, was borne out of the window, down a rope-ladder, and carried to a flat-boat on the Potomac. The sails were spread, the anchor was hoisted, and the gallant bark danced joyously athwart

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

"WHEN THE ORDER IS GIVEN, EACH MAN WILL FEEL HIS NEIGHBOR WITH HIS ELBOW."
Hardee's Tactics.

Miraculous Escape.

One of the New York pilot boats lately picked up, off Sandy Hook, an India-rubber bag containing, as we are told by the daily papers, "a large number of *Heralds*, *Times*, *Tribunes*, *Suns* and *Worlds* of December 27."

How the bag could have remained afloat, with such a lot of dead weight in it, was a puzzle to us, until, having made inquiries in the proper quarter, we ascertained that there was one copy of VANITY FAIR in the assortment. To this circumstance, doubtless, the Happy Family above referred to owed its miraculous escape.

Spirit of the Day.

A correspondent of one of the Philadelphia journals, speaking of New Year's Day, says: "The day was generally observed in the spirit for which New York is famous."

This will be pleasing to the young BOURBONS now serving in our army.

A Black Joke.

It is stated that cotton is about to be cultivated extensively in the Sandwich Islands. If the negro is, indeed, a descendant from HAM he ought now to find plenty of employment among the Sandwichers.

Strange Coincidence.

It is a singular fact that Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL, whose mission to England was all moonshine, left Fort Warren by *Starlight*.

What Spain took the spots off Mexico with.

Castile Soap.

the flashing brine, all unconscious of the weight of sin and sorrow that it bore.

The following Saturday night, Don RANTANQUERO paid off his soldiers, locked up his tent, and leaving the boy to put up the shutters, took the cars for Washington, in order to pass Sunday with his wife, as was his custom.

Arriving at the old baronial hall, he found everything in confusion.

"My lord," murmured a terrified castellan, "indeed, my lord, 'tis not our fault . . . but my lady . . . the beautiful, sweet lady . . ."

"Dead?" cried the unhappy husband, turning pale sea-green.

"No, my lord, not quite . . . not very . . . but gone!"

"Gone?"

"Aye, my lord. A rope-ladder was found leading to her window from the craggy steep below. She's probably run away with some person."

The Don quietly tore out two handfuls of hair, and felt better.

"Curse it," said he.

"She was unworthy of my lord," suggested the old retainer, or she wouldn't have went and eloped."

"Too true," said DE BOOM-JING-JING; "yet I loved her more than passing well. Stay. Go to the apothecary on the corner, and get me three cents worth of lodlum. I will not face the pity of a cornful world."

"The derringer, my lord, is a very easy running instrument, and sanctioned by our courts, in such cases."

"I will not plagiarize," said the Don; "haste to the drug-store, and get as much p'ison as you can, for the money."

The servant went, and soon came in with half-a-pint of the best fourth-proof laudanum.

"Now," said the Don, "I shall leave this groveling vale of tears. My soaring soul, untrammeled, shall malaxiste in more l indred spheres, forever hydrofugenously to exploviate."

. . . He had a very good education, had the Don.

"Good bye, my trusty vassal," remarked he . . .

The minion wept . . .

The Don lifted the poison chalice to the light . . .

"Learn, old man," said he, "how a DE BOOM-JING-JING can die!"

He drank.

To be continued.

"FAMILIES SUPPLIED."

A lady—of course—she calls herself Madame So and So, but we do not think it necessary to advertise her, issues the following notice in—of course, again—the columns of the *Herald*.

INFANTS TAKEN FOR ADOPTION—BEAUTIFUL MALE INFANTS NOW FOR adoption, etc. etc.

The above advertisement is very incomplete, leaving the reader quite in the dark as to terms. It would be important to know, for instance, whether "beautiful male infants" can be had on hire, like fancy-ball costumes, or whether it is necessary to buy them out and out, like calf skin-boots. Also, whether a discount is allowed to takers of a quantity, and whether the money will be returned if the article does n't suit. In making these suggestions, we assume that the adoption of infants is simply a mercantile transaction, negotiated through the medium of baby-brokers. Our faith in human nature will not allow us to believe that Madame So and So keeps a baby-shop unless on some such principle as "small profits and quick return;" but we should like to know which party makes most money by the adoption business—Madame So and So, or the woman who sacrifices her maternal affections upon the altar of Cash Down. We suppose that the latter woman has the best of it, however, because maternal affection is a very scarce article in New York, and must command a good market price, accordingly.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

ROUND THE WORLD: A TALE FOR BOYS. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. BOSTON: CROSBY & NICHOLS.

A very neatly got up edition of a book seen sticking out of the carpet bag of old SANTA CLAUS. The illustrations are excellently designed and engraved. Mr. KINGSTON is, *par excellence*, one of the Buoyant spirits of the day.

LILIESLEAF. BOSTON: T. H. P. BURNHAM.

This book, which is a sequel to "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside," has a North-of-Tweed charm about it which will be refreshing to all who suppose that Scotia's only music is the squeak of the bagpipes,—as well as to all who don't.

OUR SPICY WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have engaged at an expense of One Thousand Dollars a column, the services of WILLIAM H. RUSSELL Esq., L.L. D. the famous correspondent of the London *Times*, who will occasionally furnish us with some of his ThrillingNarratives from the seat of war. The terms of agreement include a bran new horse from DISBROW's Riding Academy with equipments complete, for the purpose of enabling the gallant Reporter to anticipate events; also, a basket of Green Seal Champagne per diem, a thousand cigars a month, and credit at GAUTHIER's restaurant. In view of this spirited undertaking on our part, we trust that the public will liberally support our enterprise and subscribe to VANITY FAIR, which will be the only paper in America containing original contributions from the Great Historian Of The War. We have the honor of presenting the first letter.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR V. F.—I write to you as LIVY said "*currente calamo.*" The fact is my engagements are so numerous, and I am so occupied with writing replies to the numerous invitations to lecture, which I am daily receiving, that I have to dash off my correspondence with a rapidity equal to that with which I crossed the Long Bridge on the occasion of the memorable Stampede of Bull Run.

Washington now presents a grand military spectacle. The vast avenues that pierce the city, are thronged with the brilliant uniforms of the staff and the homely blue of the private. Occasionally a hush comes over the crowd, and hats are doffed and caps are touched as MCCLELLAN dashes by on his favorite camel, followed by a gleaming cordon of officers mounted on dromedaries, bound on some mysterious mission to the army on the other side of the Potomac. This introduction of the camel, as a mode of military locomotion, is a late and daring innovation. The American officers, being entirely unacquainted with the art of horsemanship, have come to the resolution of employing an animal whose peculiarities of gait and equipment render their deficiencies in the art of equitation less apparent. The result is, that an oriental lustre is cast over the scene, recalling me to the banks of the Nile, to the buried Memphis, and the solemn isolated Thebes.

It is generally supposed that the affair of the Trent is pacifically settled. Nothing can be more erroneous. A vast conspiracy is on foot, bred among the turbulent middle and lower classes of this country, and fostered by all the national maliguity which is such a characteristic of this people. It has nothing less for its object than the seizing of the reins of government by the masses, the immediate confiscation of English property on this continent, and an instant declaration of war against England. It is almost positive that JOHN C. HEENAN will be placed at the head of the government, so that America may be able at once to vent her old spite against the mother land, and wipe out the famous defeat at Farnborough. This conspiracy extends largely in the army, principally among the Massachusetts and Irish regiments. The latter are peculiarly virulent, and as I am an Irishman by birth and perfectly familiar with my mother tongue, I am in a position to obtain the very best information "*arcades ambo.*" The command of the army will be given to that distinguished warrior Brigadier General YATES, whose services at the New York Arsenal certainly fit him for that elevated post, and Colonel BLISS of the quartermaster's department in New York will bs assigned an important position. It may be urged against these distinguished soldiers, that they have never seen any service, but their large connection with the recruiting of volunteer regiments of New York State, amply compensates for any want of campaigning experience. The old adage "*Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est*" is after all of no avail in great crises like the present. Opportunity, not education makes the man, and these quiescent soldiers may prove equal to the occasion.

General MCCLELLAN's recent illness favors the scheme of the malcontents. In fact it is scarcely concealed in Washington that his malady is premeditated. There are some that do not scruple to hint at poison, and I have reason to know that at the last dinner which he attended, one of President DAVIS's aid-de-camps was there, disguised as a waiter, and is supposed to have mingled with the young Commander-in-Chief's soup a deadly drug which is now doing its fatal work. In this country no one is safe. The wild and lawless character of the people is such that they will stop at nothing to accomplish their fiendish purposes, and even the enlightened representatives of a foreign press are not exempt from their attacks. It was only the other day that I myself had a narrow escape from assassination by one of my colored servants, who I have since discovered was employed by JAMES GORDON BENNETT of the *Herald* to destroy me. I am surrounded by a network of spies and bravos, and so fearful am I of being poisoned that I never if possible dine at home, but take every advantage of the tables of my friends.

The condition of this country viewed from a military standpoint is truly deplorable. "*Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextræ.*" There is an utter incompetency displayed in the machinery of the various regiments and brigades. I have attended many of the drills, both of regiments and divisions, and after the large experience which I had in the Crimea—whatever English officers may say about my having been a nuisance—I think I may without presumption offer the prediction that the Northern army will be utterly routed unless it is conducted more on the English system. I would strongly advise that the present company and regimental commanders be displaced, and their places supplied by English officers out of employment, a number of whom are at present to be found in this country. The deficiencies might be made up by French officers similarly situated and equally plenty, all of whom, without exception, have been decorated with the legion of honor, and served with distinction in Algeria and the Crimea. The fact is that the Northern States are not self-supporting. They are dependent on Europe for their commerce, their arms, and their tactics. They have never originated anything unless it was the reaping and sowing machines, steam, the telegraph, and a few such trifles: once cut from their vital connection with England they would fall into a state of atrophy and pine away to a skeleton, vast as that of the Mastodon, but as bare and useless. While this judgment overtakes this arrogant and uneducated land, I cannot refrain from pity at the spectacle. In the words of the poet,—"*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

W. H. R.

TO PREVENT A CONTINGENCY.

One of our younger contributors is in high dudgeon. He wants to see an immediate advance of the Federal forces somewhere, because he has a large lot of excellent gags prepared expressly for use when our army again marches Southward. After patiently waiting four months, he begins to feel disgusted and offers to submit his conundrums without further delay, whether MCCLELLAN moves or tarries. In view of the emergency, and in order to spare as much as possible the feelings of our readers and of the public at large, we earnestly implore the General in Chief to make a stir at once. It would be painful for us to have to publish our esteemed attachés brilliant Mots (and perhaps Lies) before the the things upon which they are supposed to be founded shall have come to pass. For instance, against the taking of Richmond he has no less than five one-line jokes, six witty paragraphs, three first class conundrums, one second class ditto, and a slate full of timely and patriotic gags. In the event of our success at Mobile, New Orleans and Nashville, there are even greater quantities of humor to be let loose. So procrastination on the part of the government is not only in the present case the thief of time, but of many a hearty laugh at the expense of our enemies, as well. We hope that the army will relieve us from our embarrassment. Delays are dangerous—what can be done to-day ought not to be put off until to-morrow—time is money—take care of the moments and the hours will take care of themselves, say the juvenile tomes, and the advice is endorsed by all lady school-teachers of ability. Therefore let us pocket a few Southern cities and interfere a little with rebel prosperity.

N. B.—Our contributor's mind will surely crumble to pieces, should his copy be repressed five days longer.

Good for Sharpening Swords.

Our European Files, of late.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Cruel Captain.—"HERE, YOU SIR! CRAWL RIGHT INTO THAT GUN AND SWEEP IT OUT.

Providence and Privateers.

It is widely stated that at Nassau, New Providence, which is a British Colony, "Rebel privateers are given every facility to coal, repair, and refit, while not as much as a Union gunboat is admitted inside the harbor."

With reference to this, we have always understood that pirates trust greatly in a supposed special Providence that watches favorably over them. New Providence, must be that particular Providence, we suspect—at least we hardly think that Old Providence has any favorable intentions towards Rebel privateers.

Inverted Justice.

Among camp items, we find it stated that a Provost Marshal in McCALL'S division, having detected a sutler in the act of concealing liquors for the use of soldiers, caused "the liquors to be destroyed, and the sutler punished."

That doesn't come up to our notion of how things ought to be done. We think it would have been better had "the liquors been punished, and the sutler destroyed."

Our Idea.

The Christian Alliance, we see, is playing a heavy star engagement at BARNUM'S Museum on the off nights, Sundays.

V. F., with all respect, suggests the introduction of the "Great Behemoth of the Scriptures," as one of the *dramatis personæ*.

Herrmann's Incantation.

Nicks, cum arouse!

THE WORLD'S FAIR, OF 1862.

Heavy though the troubles lie upon our land, we learn, with satisfaction, that the United States are not to be unrepresented at the great International Exhibition to be held in London early next summer. On the contrary, active preparations are now in progress, with the view of displaying to admiring worlds an assorted variety of the most lovely and interesting products of our country. We are not as yet aware what arrangements have been made for the selection and transmission of the first and best of these articles, American Woman. On that subject a select Committee is at present sitting, or, rather, walking, in Broadway, and the result of its investigations is to be made known upon ST. VALENTINE'S Day, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, that being the day and hour when the little birds begin to sing and select their partners for the next season, as every body knows who has perused the romantic pages of SHAKESPEARE, or dipped into the researches of AUDUBON. Independently of this great attraction—which will certainly be acknowledged by all as the fairest of the Fair—there will be numerous articles of American ingenuity and industry on hand, many of them calculated to excite the envy of the British mind. Some of these articles will admonish the British public; others will astonish them. The Pulpit, the Bar, the Press, and the professions generally, will contribute to this interesting collection such things of beauty in their possession, respectively, as will be likely to become joys forever when properly secured by patent or otherwise, according to circumstances. Suggestive items of the war in which we are at present engaged will find their place there. They will be very numerous and striking.

Our present information upon this subject is too slender to admit of our giving more than three or four examples of the proposing exhibitors and their productions. Here are a few of them.

The Senior Editor of the *Herald* will exhibit a very ancient Lyre. This instrument is lavishly inlaid with gold, but its Tone is very bad.

The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER sends a patent trap. It is of the kind known as clap-trap, and is baited by putting money on a revolving plate.

The Federal Government has already forwarded its contribution in the shape of a pair of Southern Turkey Buzzards, known, generally, as MASON and SLIDELL.

The Secretary of War will furnish a model Sutler, who is a Colonel in the army, a U. S. Marshal, a Detective Policeman, a Contractor for boots, butter, blankets and beef, and a consistent member of the Church.

We shall employ a special reporter to obtain such further information as may be interesting to our readers, on the subject of America's contributions to the World's Fair of 1862.

THE COCKNEY ON FLAGS.

There is no more consistent abolitionist than the genuine beery bloaty, puffy London Cockney. His tears for the wrongs of the African are large; and the echoes of Exeter Hall know, to their cost, what it is to give back his tumultuous demonstrations in that building, when African rights are strenuously advocated. On this account, it is a pity that the Cockney is condemned to such perpetual darkness on the subject of America, the country in which the great negro first became important. Cockney, for instance, has no notion under which flag, the Federal or Confederate, Darkey becomes a man and a brother. Only the other day, Cockney went with a policeman, and carried the Stars and Stripes that floated gaily, theretofore, from the office of the *London American*, in Fleet street, to be hauled down. From a building in the Strand flaunted at the same time, and for all we know, may flaunt yet, the rebel Stars and Bars, apparently bringing no suggestion to the mind of Cockney on the subject of Exeter Hall. This is bad usage by Cockney of his dearly prized friend Darkey. Cockney is not behaving to Darkey like a man and a brother.

In Congress.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, Representative from Ohio, calls for a statement of the present "floating debt of the United States." Perhaps Mr. V. had better withdraw his call until a good many steel-plated ships are built.

THE KNIFE-THROWER WHO NAILED JOHN BULL TO THE PLANK.

AN ENGLISH SAILOR COVERS HIMSELF WITH IMPERISHABLE GLORY.

In this country the general impression with regard to the Trent affair is that Captain WILKES was the bona fide hero of the transaction, while England exalted the captured commissioners and their attachés to the pinnacles of admiration. It is really too bad to trouble people by offering to correct any false views they may have taken in the matter, but we are compelled to do so. We are pained—nay we are chagrined to own it, but our bold Captain WILKES didn't after all earn a saltspoon's worth of praise, and the English journals are prone to confess that in heaping their eulogies upon the rebel prisoners, they singularly enough overlooked the merits of a bold and blasted Briton named WILLIAMS in general, and occasionally VILLIAMS in particular. Let us observe that this WILLIAMS, or VILLIAMS as the case may be, is not the Divine WILLIAMS so dear to the hearts of French Academicians, and lately arraigned before a board of corner grocers in Brooklyn, on a charge of uttering immoral sentiments. No! not this man, but another man—a man who sailed in the Trent as mail Agent, who wears the Commander's handle to his name, and who is proud to say that he is somewhat interested in the Welch orphan business. Yes! gentle and frisky readers, Commander WILLIAMS is in for all the glory that originated with the Trent business. The Royal Western Yacht Company are entitled to the credit of having discovered WILLIAMS, or rather of having helped him to discover himself.

At a dinner given by the club in question WILLIAMS drank himself into condition, and then proceeded to make an exposé of the whole seizure, with notes and explanations, satirical and humorous allusions, contemptuous epithets, oaths, inuendoes etc. Oh it was a rare old speech—highly offensive to the English grammar, but for that very reason all the more welcome to the partially sober Yachtmen who heard it. WILLIAMS's view of the case is as we hinted, novel—therefore interesting. WILKES and FAIRFAX wanted him, then they wanted Miss SLIDELL, and finally took up with SLIDELL & MASON & Co. All the insult to the British flag had to pass through the person of the veracious WILLIAMS, in order to reach that article so dear to English Tars, hence we can judge how penetrating was the insult. WILLIAMS was, at the time the San Jacinto hove in sight, seated smoking a pipe and reading the "Essays and Reviews," and thinking of fugitive slaves and free soil—and possibly whether it was a duff day or not. These are truly brilliant thoughts; but that is nothing remarkable, for it runs in the WILLIAMS family to have them.

We presume he was just emerging from a tussle with an unusually hard word in the "Essays and Reviews," when the Yankees stepped quietly aboard the Trent, after having fired a blank shot or two. Well, then of course occurred the exciting scenes throughout which our WILLIAMS tried himself and found that he was not wanting. He felt himself to be a blasted Briton upon a blasted British ship under a blasted British flag, and that such goings on were a blasted shame—so they were, WILLIAMS says it was not a personal but a national matter, by George, and Lieutenant FAIRFAX he countenanced the term Gasconader, and Captain WILKES he has no shame neither, and Miss SLIDELL she is a young lady how as protected her father from the marines, and slapped the Yankee Lieutenant's face, and WILLIAMS he would have given his next glass of grog to have had the young woman slap him in the face and leave the marks of her knuckles under his starboard peeper, and WILLIAMS he told the ladies that it was a damned infernal lie, and WILLIAMS he threw himself into a thin space between Miss SLIDELL's person and the points of a row of bayonets which were being pushed by a lot of greasy Yankee marines right for Miss SLIDELL's body, and WILLIAMS he stopped all that and more too, and may be you would not believe it, but it is true that WILLIAMS he got four mantles of approbation on account of his approved conduct on this courageous occasion, and one of them came from the British Lion, and another of them came from the British Queen, and another of them came from the British public, and another of them came from the Royal Western Yacht Club, and by George, WILLIAMS he'd wear them all at once and more too, mantles of approbation was what he came for, and now he had got them, and he was going because he kept an orphaned nephew, and compliments were welcome though unexpected and the Trent by George got him his four mantles of approbation, hooray! ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° °

That explains WILLIAMS.

Tall Talk.

France is going to get up a Great International Exhibition, to open in 1865. Dilating upon this subject, a French paper informs us that a stupendous crystal edifice for the purpose is to be erected upon an elevated spot near St. Cloud—which is a very appropriate locality for a building the dome of which is to be five hundred feet high.

JONATHAN ON THE LATE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

"'Tain't so!—ye can't fool *me!*" says I,
W'en JESS he told me w'at they'd done:
It looked so all-fired, *sneakin'* mean
I vaöw I couldn't see the fun.

W'at! after all the resk an' fuss—
An' glory teöo!—to let folks know
We got so scairt abaöut it all
We jest turned tail an' let 'em go!

"No *sir!*" says I,—"the day ain't come
For Englishmen to scare us much!
N'r Frenchmen either; fetch 'em *both!*
An' bring the Spanish, an' the Dutch!"

We'll whip the *world*, ef they ask us to!—
We'll lay aöur left claw on the Saöuth:
An' thar you watch w'ile Mister right
Sp'iles all creation's face an' maöuth!

"Naöw you hold up!" says JESS;—it's *done!*
An' here's the papers!" By—the—gad—
Gosh—all-fired—big horn gun-flint!—Sho'!
I almost cried! an' so did dad!

I sot an' read, aöut laöud, right through
The fust dispatch, an' so on daöwn;
Mighty smooth readin' teöo, it wooz!
But SEWARD did his part up braöwn!

"He's *right!*" says dad. "Darned ef he ain't!"
Says JESS, a-lookin' so kind o' saöour,
I knew he'd rather 'a' fit it aöut
With every pesky furrin paöwer.

"Confaöund their picters, dad!" says he,—
"They'll say they *scared* us into it!
There's where the rub comes!"—"Wal," says dad,
"Ef they *deo*, per'aps we'll fight em yit!"

"There ain't be'n *much* love lost, I guess,
Within the last six months or so;
They've showed the meanest kind o' spite,
An' lied abaöut us, high an' low.

"Haöw the mean tykes 'ave eat their words
'Baöut the 'poor slave' they used to feel fur!
Who is it, *naow*, they want to help,
An' even lie an' cheat an' steal fur?

"Is *that* the way they pay us back
For worshippin' the Prince o' Wales,
Not to see nothin' here to like
'Cept cotton kings an' cotton bales!"

"Confaöund *sech* friendship!"—"So say I!"
Says JESS, his eyes a snappin' fire:
"I wish this minute England knew
We wa'n't a mite afeerd to try her!"

"She's found aöut *that*, though, twice-t afore:
Naöw one time more is all *I* ask!"
"Mighty!" says dad,—"haöw it warms my blood!
Where's my musket an' paöwder flask!"

"Haöw the old wolf did graöwl!" says he,
"You're rilin' up the stream, daöwn there!
You want to pick a quarrel, I see!
You *meant* it, in that Trent affair!"

The lamb he's got some friends left yet!
An' he's a fightin' lamb hisself:
Look aöut, old wolf, for fear some day,
He'll up an' lay ye on the shelf!

Hardly Ship-Shape.

The Captain of an American merchant vessel writes to the Glasgow *Herald*, complaining that he was slanged in good, set terms by the crew of H. B. M. ship *Hogue*, somewhere in British waters, on account of his flag. We have not the pleasure of being able to state what class of nautical craft the *Hogue* belongs to; but, if that vessel is a steel-plated one, and the American Captain's account of her is authentic, we think we are justified in proposing that she be hereafter recognised by the style and title of the "Hogue in Armor."

HARDEE MADE EASY.

LARGE Artillery, so far from being a result of progressive improvement in the science of gunnery, was in very extensive use long before the invention of gunpowder. We are told by CAMDEN, for instance, that the ancient Britons were very strong upon artillery of a heavy kind, and had a patent for shooting millstones out of a machine called a *mongonel*. "This engine, ye *mongonel*," says CAMDEN, in his quaint old way, "might truly have been accounted a bigge thynge upon ice; only that never was ice found upon which it might stand, so mightie was its hefte."

It is mentioned by DE BRUNNE, that the guns used by RICHARD I, when he threw up his hat for a mill with the Saracens, were constructed upon the principle of the windmill, and worked by means of sails. It is from this circumstance that the term "windage," still in use among cannoneers, derives its origin; and the expression "a little mill," as applied to a fight, may also be affiliated upon these wind-mill guns with which DICK I threw immense quantities of granite boulders into the channels leading to certain obnoxious towns of the enemy, thereby utterly destroying their value as ports of entry. The stones are yet there, but the towns have long since crumbled to ruins, with the exception of what was once the principal corner tavern of one of them, which is now kept by an enterprising American of the Eastern stripe, who, singularly enough, calls it the Charleston Hotel. This gentleman makes a very handsome living by fishing up the submerged boulders, and selling them to American tourists, by whom they are purchased with avidity, as mementoes of a place that was.

In later times, when gunpowder was in full blast, very liberal opinions appear to have been entertained upon the subject of calibre. When MAHOMET II riddled the walls of Constantinople, in the year 1453, for example, the projectiles handed in by him weighed as much as twelve hundred pounds a piece, which is a good deal more than General JAMES can say for his great sugar-loaf shot. But there were inconveniences attending the use of this heavy metal. Like the bill of the modern baker, it could with difficulty be discharged more than once a week, so that, as we learn from an old historian, "the besieged did regularly repayre their breaches between every shotte." This must have been a very mortifying sight for the besiegers.

Another difficulty attending the great guns of old was that of keeping them cool, for which purpose immense quantities of vinegar were poured down their burning throats. Chili vinegar, in particular, was recommended for cooling the guns; but the demand for that article, in consequence, sent it up to an extravagant market price and threw the monopoly of it into the hands of fraudulent contractors, the spurious fluid furnished by whom reduced things to a bad pickle.

It is curious, in tracing out the history of these guns, to find that they were constructed of longitudinal ribs, bound together with hoops. Here we find the principle of the great Belgian inventor who has lately given us the breech-loading revolving cannon. We allude to DE BRAME, whose commodious mind is said to have contained the ideas of a new baby-jumper, an improved skate, and the famous revolving skeleton gun, at the same time. NAPOLEON I used to say that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but it has been reserved for DE BRAME to make the one great step on record from the ridiculous to the sublime, as he did when he strode from the baby-jumper to the breech-loading cannon, upon a pair of patent skates.

AN IDEA.

BY A MAN WHO WRITES FOR A LIVING.

[VANITY FAIR cheerfully gives space to the following suggestion from an esteemed contributor of long standing.]

People who write for a living are not very scarce. I am acquainted with several. They generally manage to earn enough to run into debt with, and seldom buy Central Park lots, or newspaper stock. In the best of times the Contributor is not afflicted with wealth, but in times like these he is even less troubled with coin than ever. Two of my friends and co-laborers are earnestly striving for political influence enough to get them positions in the County Alms House, while a third, with greater self-reliance and a good deal of judgment, is planning a daring and almost impossible burglary with a view to being arrested in the act, and afterwards supplied with furnished apartments in the Penitentiary for a term of years. He is a worthy young man too, and is, I believe, engaged to a Sunday School teacher. He pursued literature with assiduity, and for a while paid his way at CROOK & DUFF'S, and occasionally lunched at MATARAN'S, but the war has blighted him, and I fear that he is destined for a brief but rapid career of infamy. Poor dear Sunday School teacher! How I pity you! How my heart gyrates for you! How the tears will overflow your blue eyes and deluge your fair blooming cheeks—cheeks that have so many times been pressed to—but don't let me stir up the turbid pathetic. I will restrain my sympathy and proceed.

Another young man, a young man with flaxen hair and lately the owner of a new thing in trousers—is—prepare yourself dear VANITY—is planning a startling sensation poison case, in which his aged and helpless greater grandmother is to be the victim. This with an idea to getting up an intense local excitement—in order to sell editorials on "The progress of crime in the Metropolis," and at the same time furnish subject matter for impecunious artists attached to enterprising illustrated papers.

The old lady possesses a favorite parrot, and it is feared that the pitiable young man will in his frenzy extend his assassinating influence even to this innocent bird, whose only weakness is crackers.

I could multiply instances of what is in the contemplation of other persons who are only too gifted with genius, but "enough is as good as a feast," especially when the food is unwholesome. Well, now for my idea.

I propose that a number of capitalists—by capitalists I mean people who know that they have money in a bank and also know where the bank is—form themselves into an Insurance Company, whose sole object shall be to assume risks on behalf of literary and artistic contributors in this city and vicinity, so that in case of these persons failing to support themselves by their regular profession—either through accumulating too large stocks of rejected matter, or the dearth of material upon which to work—they can by proving their claims recover value for lost time, stationery, ideas, etc. Perhaps such an Insurance Company would not prove so profitable upon experiment as at first blush seems likely—but that is a matter only interesting to the capitalists aforesaid and the stockholders generally.

I am not financially nice—I do not know that I am reliable in any thing that I may say about amounts of money that are rated above nine dollars—but what I do say is sincere and prompted by a large and intimate acquaintance with the painful realities of life. List ye Capitalists! Open your hearts ye people with purses! Never mind the foreign heathen—subscribe for the benefit of native Christians! If you can't get up an Insurance Company, do please start another magazine or journal, with an able editor and a literary fund.

BROKEN HEART AND PURSE.

Interesting to "Artists in Hair."

In a late number of the *Herald*, there is a tabular statement of "Legislative Jobs" likely to be lobbied for at Albany during the winter. There are city railroad jobs, and Central Park jobs, and jobs connected with sale of property; but the strangest item of the lot is the following:

"Long locks . . . . . 1,000,000."

Naturally enough, we found such an immense quantity of "Long locks" rather confusing to our head; but, on consideration, we have arrived at the conclusion that some honest man has provided them for the purpose of Wigging fraudulent speculators.

Theatricals with Trimmings.

The Emasculated Drama in Brooklyn.

A LETTER FROM A LADY.

DEAR MR. V. F. —I want you to come out against a great *social evil!* It is *men's feet.* Why do they have them so *big?* It is positively *dreadful*, and I never saw anything like it in my life. There's my husband now—darling BENJAMIN I call him sometimes—he is not a bad looking man, really, but he wears 10's I assure you. Great, ponderous, wrinkly, bulgy boots they are too. My darling children shrink back affrighted when he walks across the floor. Why should this state of things exist? Why should bitterness be cast into the domestic circle in consequence of *feet?*

I think, my *dear* Mr. V. F. that a reform is needed. There is no use in men's feet being so *big.* *It* is perfectly *ridiculous.* CANTRELL always makes my gaiters on a No. 3 last. Why should the feet of the man whom I have sworn to love, cherish and obey be more than two sizes larger? They *shouldn't* and, *something* must be done.

Only the other day I met in an omnibus a man whose feet must *positively* have weighed a hundred pounds a piece. When this wretch got in he crushed the feet of every one in his way, took his seat,

sprawled out his feet, pulled out his newspaper and began to read with perfect unconcern. I looked *daggers* at him, but he was as impervious as one of STEWART's clerks.

Then, again, you have *no* idea how *destructive* they are—these feet, I mean—to our dresses! Every day, almost, Mr. Secretary SEWARD sends to Fort Lafayette some wretched and ignominious traitor. But what are traitors when compared to men with *big feet?* I think, *really*, my dear Mr. V. F., that a portion of the Sing Sing Prison should be devoted to those creatures who step on ladies' dresses in Broadway. They make me so vexed that I don't know what to do, and I wish my dear Mr. V. F., that you would give it to 'em good.

Yours indignantly,
LEONORA HIGGS *née* LITTLETOE.

CABINET CONVERSATION PIECES.

No. 3.

SCENE.—*A Symposium in a private parlor of the White House.* THE PRESIDENT *and several* MEMBERS *of the* CABINET *seated around a rather hospitable-looking board.*

President.—Have you ever read WEBSTER's Dictionary, Mr. SEWARD?

Sec. of State.—I have, sir. It has long been my favorite relaxation to indulge in the perusal of that well-worded book. I look upon it as very bracing to the mind.

President.—I fear we have over-rated it, sir. My message contained many of the choicest words from WEBSTER, and yet, I am told that the English press is finding fault with my style.

Sec. of State —The English newspaper writers are very particular about style. I have noticed that they quote HORACE a great deal; to astonish the farmers and operatives, I guess, because HORACE was nothing but a slip-shod old fool after all, and his writings can have no influence upon modern politics. Nevertheless, you might quote him sometimes, sir, if only for the sake of style, and to astonish the farmers and operatives.

President.—I have a great respect for Mr. GREELEY, sir, and am sorry that you should call him an old fool, while, at the same time, I acknowlege that he is generally slip-shod, and that his writings can have no possible influence upon modern politics. I shall not quote Mr. GREELEY even for the sake of style; and when I astonish the farmers and operatives, you shall know it, sir!

Sec. of Treasury.—"Chip chow, cherry chow, fol lol de riddy row, fol de rol de riddle iddle ido!"

President.—That is very unseemly language, Mr. CHASE. Had you any reference to my style, sir, when you made use of it?

Sec. of Treasury.—Not at all, sir. I was thinkiag of the suspension of specie payments by the banks, by which I am enabled to meet my January interest, and I naturally felt a little elated at the circumstance. Hooray for the banks! Let us drink to the banks! with a "chip chow, cherry chow," etc., etc.!

Postmaster General.—I honor your toast, sir, and drink to it with pleasure, especially as this wine is of a very choice and luscious vintage. But you are more successful in your Toast than in your Tea and Coffee, Mr. CHASE, and your sugar. The merchants are on the rampage because you have put a duty on these articles while in bond. That Tea and Coffee business is discreditable to you, sir.

President—Gentlemen, no recrimination here, if you please. Those who frequent White Houses must not throw mud. Let us drink "absent friends and may they long remain absent." I allude to Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL.

Sec. of War.—That is a sweet metaphor about White Houses and mud. It is full of poetry, and reminds one of that other fine idea about chickens coming home to roost. Allow me to amend your toast, though. "Here's to our goners, MASON and SLIDELL, and may they soon go home to roost—like any other cusses!"

Sec. of State.—Very neatly put, indeed. There is an epigrammatic point in that worthy of MARTIAL.

President.—We have had a good deal of Martial law around, sir, since I became the Executive. No doubt the Secretary of War has found his point in that.

Sec. of Navy.—The word is that JOHN BULL is going to cut up rusty about my stone blockade. But what I say is that Charleston threw the first stone.

President.—When I was a boy—about fourteen year old, I guess, and six foot seven inches high—a circumstance happened to me. I was passing near to a quarry, driving a brindled cow before me, when a full-sized loafer jumped up from a crotch of the fence, and picking up a stone from the road, hit the cow with it behind the small ribs. I said nothing at the time, but, making for the quarry got command of a heap of manufactured stones, with a volley of promiscuous ten-pounders from which I laid the craven giant senseless upon his tracks. I have thought a heap of a heap of stones, ever since, I tell you.

Sec. of State.—The "craven giant!" a hit at Rebellion. Why, this is the very essence of Oriental imagery! It carries me back to the Arabian Nights enjoyed by me in the dulcet East.

President.—Try some of these cigars, gentlemen. I don't smoke, myself, but am assured that these weeds are of a fine, fruity, crusty old brand. And, talking of Weeds, BILL, that was a good stand THURLOW made for you in the London *Times.*

Sec. of State.—And the comments made upon Mr. WEED's letter by the London *Times*, sir, reminded me of the uses of adversity. They were sweet.

President.—I have dwelt much in the Western country, Mr. SEWARD, where pork is a staple article of manufacture, and I have never known Echo make but one reply to the question—"What can you expect from a Pig but a Grunt?"

Sec. of Interior.—What state was the Duke of Newcastle in, Mr. SEWARD, that night you met him at Governor MORGAN's festive board? several of us would like to hear.

Sec. of State.—He was in the State of New York, sir,

President.—The question is a delicate one, of course, but there are circumstances that it would be important to know. Dook tight, for instance?—talk thick?

Sec. of State.—We were very thick, sir, Duke and I. The cigars were, as you say, fruity, and of a fine old crusty brand.

Sec. of War.—Wines of the real MORGAN breed, I reckon—strong upon the Hocks, fast to go, but easy to hold.

Sec. of State.—There was fish at table, sir, and the sauce with it might have been considered strong by some. Mine has been complained of by the London *Times.*

President.—There is a fine inuendo, here; but I should like you to be more explicit, sir. Dook tight, for instance?—talk thick?

Sec. of State.—Fine old St. Croix rum is a very insinuating element in the summer julep. It was summer when Duke and I shared allotted portions of Governor MORGAN's festive board. *I* never drink fine old St. Croix rum.

President.—In your statement, sir, do you mean to convey a severe truth by implication? Dook tight, for instance?—talk thick?

Sec. of State.—I have seen fewer juleps drank than some persons had one day at Governor MORGAN's festive board.

President.—Gentlemen, there are more things around upon this clay ball than are dream't of in our political philosophy. Straw drinks is one of them.